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Personal Journalists

BY SILAS BENT

Personal journalists: Heywood Broun, Walter Lippmann, Mark Sullivan, Westbrook Pegler, Hugh S. Johnson, Dorothy Thompson.

HENRY L. MENCKEN told an audience of newspaper men not long ago that the editorial page was "our grandest and gaudiest failure." What he had in mind, probably, was that the influence of the page had been preempted, for a time at least, by the political columnist, who enjoyed an advantage over the anonymous editorial drudge, and actually molded public opinion until the radio, abetted by his own ineptitudes, restricted his power. "The average man's opinions are made for him like the house he lives in," says Bertrand Russell. "What is called the rule of the majority in a bourgeois democracy is, therefore, in reality the rule of those who control the methods of manufacturing opinion, especially in schools and the press." Until a year or so ago political columnists were manufacturers in that field. They represented a return to that personal journalism of an earlier and more vigorous day. Whether the human frailties exposed by the heat of the late campaign have not weakened their authority and done a disservice to personal journalism is a question worth exploring.

When I speak of a more vigorous day, I have in mind the dignity, force, and caustic wit of a long line ranging through Samuel Adams of the Boston *Gazette* and Philip Freneau of the *National Gazette* in Philadelphia, Edwin L. Godkin of the New York *Evening Post,* Thomas Ritchie of the Richmond *Enquirer,* Samuel Bowles of the Springfield *Republican,* Henry W. Grady of the Atlanta *Constitution,* and Henry Watterson of the Louisville *Courier-Journal.* So personal was their journalism that the gentle William Cullen Bryant, when editor of the *Post,* horsewhipped a rival in Broadway; others resorted more often to the duelling field, sometimes with fatal results. All of them went about armed as a matter of routine. Benjamin Franklin and Whitelaw Reid might have been included in this gallant company, although the list still would be obviously inadequate, if they had not abandoned journalism for the "honors" of office.

The recession of these giants came with the mechanization and commercialization of the daily press. Greeley, witnessing a private demonstration of the magnetic telegraph, told Morse: "You are going to turn the newspaper office upside down." The rotary press and radio served to complete the upset. "Marse Henry," perhaps the last survivor of the titans, witnessed the beginning of what he described as "the self-exploiting, individualized star-system."

Some of our political columnists, like Arthur Brisbane, and Mencken, have found their way to a signed column from the declining editorial page. Brisbane, independently wealthy, has declined to follow the political vagaries of William Randolph Hearst when he did not approve of them; as for Mencken, he has gone along with the policy of the Baltimore *Sun.* During the disillusion of the post-war period, he had been the authentic voice of undergraduate Americans. He expressed with precision their attitudes of nose-thumbing those in academic authority and of derision for those who respected the arrogance of elected officials. He had an adult following also, comprising mostly those who felt and thought like adolescents. But with the passing of that phase of mass hysteria, he ceased to be heard widely, even though his shout was none the less clangorous. His audience now has dwindled painfully.

Since it is a favorite pastime of political columnists to berate one another, it is not surprising to find Harry Elmer Barnes, who pontificates for the Scripps-Howard chain, describing Mencken as an apostle of fixed ideas. "Such men," he says, "have a theological devotion to narrow systems of thought, mostly the superman fancies of Nietzsche or the near-anarchism of Spencer. They are unable to accommodate their thinking to changes in civilization." Dr. Barnes represents, or believes he does, the academic contingent of liberalism; but I doubt whether he knows just what that means, because he told me once that he thought Roy Howard "one of the greatest liberals in American journalism," an assertion open to the gravest doubts.

More nearly representative of the liberal temper are Walter Lippmann, Heywood Broun, and Dorothy Thompson. They represent and address, in theory at least, that part of our reading public, larger than they themselves are inclined to aver, which is vigilant for civil liberty, would curb the excesses of industrial monopoly and finance banking, and would like to improve the condition of the under-privileged. Liberalism is a nebulous term. Norman Hapgood, perhaps the best of his ilk, once described it as a disposition to disagree with everything and everybody. Be that as it may, those who arrogate to themselves the title of liberal are first to bid farewell to reform and to profess despair of their cause.

Since the World War, says Lippmann, this country has "lost its grip" on "the historic position of American liberals and progressives from the time of Jefferson to that of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson." At another moment we find

Next Week

A NEW AMERICAN HISTORY
By W. E. WOODWARD
Reviewed by Arthur M. Schlesinger

CHRISTMAS CAROL—1936
By PHYLLIS McGINLEY

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Personal journalists, old style: Horace Greeley, Henry W. Grady, William Cullen Bryant, E. L. Godkin, and Henry Watterson.

him rejoicing that there is no clear-cut cleavage, no vital issue, between the Republican and Democratic parties, lest a violent conflict be precipitated. This is the man who had said, ten years earlier, that we had never seen "Mr. Coolidge's equal in deflating interest" and had smiled at the naiveté which had supposed that "it was desirable to interest the people in their government, that public discussion was a good thing, that indignation at evil was useful." He attributed the success of Calvin Coolidge to his knack of throwing a wet blanket on popular ardor, and professed to find it his greatest fault; yet within a decade he had adopted the practice.

Lippmann's retreat from the ideals he cherished when he was associate editor of *The New Republic* and editor of the lamented *World* has been accelerated as he went along. When he nominated Ogden Mills and Carter Glass in a single breath as "old-fashioned liberals" he revealed how low he was in his mind about the breed, and gave an unmistakable warning to that large group which once had read him devotedly. He was still the columnist most discussed at dinner tables, but a note of surprise and skepticism had begun to creep into the discussion.

Even then Lippmann was trying to find out "why the development of the liberal doctrine has been arrested and absorbed." He wanted to define "the logic of its principles and the grammar of its intuition." My own belief is that this falling-away of the robe of faith was not due merely to the usual swing to the right which comes with years, but that Lippmann was too reverential of authority. A left-wing friend of mine, however, has a different explanation; she thinks that Lippmann, having said with great clarity and resonance all he had to say in his early twenties, had got to the top of the egg and naturally slid down the other side. At any rate, in pursuing his quest for the losses in liberalism, he found Alfred M. Landon a radiant goal. He admitted that no competent political observer thought the Governor of Kansas could enter the White House, and that the Old Guard had seduced him to the central Republican dogmas of protective tariffs, hard money, and monopolies, but in the cause of liberalism he championed that banner.

Heywood Broun, one of the earliest of our columnists, approached this position by the reportorial road. He is the playboy of the liberal world, and one cannot be sure that he takes himself or politics quite seriously. At times he writes a forthright, flashing column which makes one think that a lad with a kite has got a flicker of Ben Franklin's lightning, but his work is uneven. He has been called a radical and a Red because he led in making the American Newspaper Guild a unit of the Federation of Labor; these animadversions came from those who vowed that daily journalism was a profession, and was too dignified therefore for sweaty unionization. Broun was more consistent in maintaining his stand on that point than in his political outgivings. The conflict stimulated him as politics did not.

One expects to find in the liberal temper fairness and a reasonable respect for the realities. Often they are missing from Broun's column. He did more than anybody else, for example, to spread around a statement, while this United States stood at the crossroads, that eighty per cent of the daily press was opposed to the President. Finally he got to the point where he said that "at least eighty-five per cent of the American press has been against Roosevelt, and it has actually been difficult for him to get a break even in the news columns." He could have informed himself with little difficulty, or his office boy could have found out for him, what the Democratic line-up was. He would have seen then that the newspapers of the Solid South, where there were few defections, had a gross circulation of more than seven millions; that the Scripps-Howard chain had well above two millions; that the tabloid *Daily News* had more than a million and a half; that the *New York Times* had nearly half a million, that the Philadelphia *Record* had 300,000 daily, that the Chicago *Times*, the only Democratic paper in the city, had nearly as many, and that with the James M. Cox dailies and others the total sales of the pro-Administration press ran above thirteen millions. In a total daily circulation of less than thirty-eight millions, this meant that not less than one-fifth but more than one-third of the daily press, rated on the effective basis of the number of readers reached, was plugging for the President.

Dorothy Thompson has been free from Lippmann's despair and Broun's capriciousness. Her earlier activities on behalf of equal suffrage and in social work offered good training in the liberal spirit. Sharing the second title page of the *Herald Tribune* with Lippmann, she might have wielded a real influence if that newspaper had not been yellower, during the last Presidential campaign, than the Hearst publications. It was difficult, even for her, to make herself heard above the din. She was experienced in European affairs, and had a good groundwork there in political coercions and dangers, but she was almost an amateur in domestic affairs, and I suspect that she had not learned the tricks of the columnist's trade. She was so fair-minded that I wondered whether it was the honesty of innocence.

However that may be, Miss Thompson commands as much respect on the part of the reading public, I think, as any other who has turned a hand to political comment. Even when criticizing the false moves and the fallacies of the New Deal, she has never hesitated to give Franklin D. Roosevelt full credit for his achievements and for his intentions. Fair-mindedness, as Theodore Dreiser once surprised me by remarking, is always effective; that is a lesson which our political columnists might learn from Miss Thompson. For the most part they are unblushing partisans.

Raymond Clapper, for example, has constituted himself the unofficial Yes-Man of all Democratic doings. It has happened that he has been able to concentrate largely on the humanitarian and progressive aspects of the Roosevelt Administration, and so has given to his column an atmosphere of liberalism which may have been deceptive more than once.

If Clapper has been an acknowledged

(*Continued on page* 14)

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Smiths: 1912—1929

RICH MAN POOR MAN. By Janet Ayer Fairbank. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by ISABELLA TAVES

MRS. FAIRBANK understands politics and catches the thrill of them. She knows her Chicago, and she describes it with rare warmth. She has a feeling for essential detail in a political meeting, a house, or a person. And she has, in this long novel, done a remarkable job.

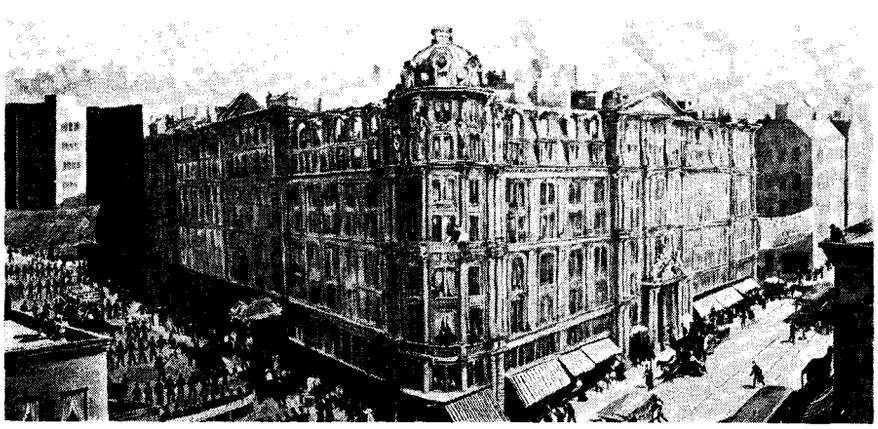
A saga of the interesting Smiths again, it spans the period from the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, through the World War, up to 1929 with the depression just around the corner. (Although not quite near enough to justify the title of the book, for I am a little at a loss to discover when the Poor Man makes his entrance.) The book is focussed about Hendricks Smith, son of a steel magnate and fresh out of Harvard, who breaks away from the tradition of his family and joins the Progressive Party. Ordered from the house by his father as a result, he turns for support to his remarkable grandmother and with her assent throws himself vigorously into the Progressive campaign. During a political trip to Kansas he meets a "little librarian," who is an ardent worker in the Progressive cause, and before long marries her. They start married life in Chicago, where she is received with considerable discomfiture by the Smith family. After the campaign, Hendricks becomes a newspaper reporter and Barbara is retired to private life to await the birth of her baby. But even after the little girl is born and named for her grandmother, the "little librarian" cannot conform. She is not able to make small talk at parties, she is not interested in housekeeping or clothes, and she does not find that even the baby is enough to keep her at home. She returns to active campaigning for suffrage — speaking, picketing, living her cause constantly—and it soon becomes clear even to the abashed Smith family that this is Barbara's only real interest.

The rest of the book is concerned with the growing rift between Barbara and her husband as her absorption in political interests comes into conflict with domestic obligations, with Hendrick's experiences in the war and the complete inability of husband and wife to make adjustment to each other on his return from it, and with the eventual dissolution of their marriage and the new love that comes to each of them.

This is only the cloudiest outline of "Rich Man Poor Man," of which one of the most notable features is the interrelation of the characters: Annette, who marries three foreigners in the space of three years and still manages to keep her emotional integrity; Pete, failure at school and business, who found the war made for him and died in action; Grandmother Smith, powerful and sometimes a little pitiful; and many others who flash in brilliant profile into the story.

Despite its 626 pages, the book has real pace, and although Mrs. Fairbank has taken extraordinary care with her local color—she knows her locale and her background well—one is never conscious of the obtrusion of detail. It is always supplementary to the real story.

But whether you are interested in the interesting Smiths or in a singularly lucid analysis of war-time France, let me fervently recommend the book if only for its first portion which deals with the Roosevelt campaign. It gives you "Senator Borah, young, eager, and vigorous, with a plume of unruly hair which he swept back now and then from his forehead." It gives you Aunt Annabel who says of Teddy: "I wish he'd show his teeth—that's what I came for." It gives you the Congress Hotel, Roosevelt's headquarters, alive with politicians and excitement. It gives you the Stand-Patters' timorous, "Everyone says that if he gets in the White House again he'll never leave it." In fact, it gives you a picture so closely related to the recent political campaign that you will at first catch your breath . . . and once again realize that there is nothing new under the sun.



DRAWING BY AGNES TAIT.
From the jacket of "Rich Man Poor Man."

Deep, At That

NOT SO DEEP AS A WELL. By Dorothy Parker. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

HERE are the collected poems of Dorothy Parker, several being stricken from the roll of those she wished to keep and several being added. In the main here are merely "Enough Rope," "Sunset Gun," and "Death and Taxes" all in one volume. And I should be shot for using the word "merely." Here is a lively plenty. And I am wrong too, for using the world "lively." Here is also an exquisitely distilled bitterness that improves with age. Tenderness, bravado, the arrantly colloquial inimitably made use of, and Dorothy Parker's own version of the Voice of Experience.

As I reread poems I have already reread a great many times, it seems to me that this notable talent has become clearer and finer through the progress of the three books. In the beginning there was more softness and affection for the word "little," and rather a clinging to stereotype, till suddenly the characteristic epigrammatic colloquialism, witty summary, or vehemently brilliant ending asserted themselves. Yet there is a quiet poem in those first pages, "Somebody's Song," which has always greatly appealed to me. It is obvious that earlier influences were the earlier Miss Millay and A. E. Housman. But with "Portrait of the Artist," Mrs. Parker came wholly into her own. What the average reader searches for are such pithy triumphs as

> Men seldom make passes
> At girls who wear glasses

which has been quoted from Alaska to Patagonia. And Mrs. Parker has shown that she can practise French verse-forms with the best, even to that Rondeau Redoublé subtitled "And scarcely worth the trouble, at that." Her chef d'oeuvre in the ballade, I think, is the "Ballade of Unfortunate Mammals," in "Death and Taxes."

"Death and Taxes" opened with a poem so sincere and touching, yet entirely unbathetic, "Prayer for a Prayer," as to demand a reconsideration of the poet's province. In fact, she has several. She still wrote the epigram brilliantly (as in "The Flaw in Paganism") but with a new depth. And I would point out that in "The Evening Primrose," "My Own," "The Sea," "Midnight," and that most significant and moving "Sonnet on an Alpine Night," the wittiest woman of our time suddenly took on stature. For the fashioning of poetry depends upon depth of experience as well as upon extraordinary intuition. And here such emotion is conveyed clearly and directly, with a numbing truth. Many elements make up this complete and various book—of which this is by no means the least.

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Utopia by Default

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF SOCIALISM. By John Strachey. New York: Random House. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by ELI GINZBERG

GREAT art is always revolutionary. Mastery of techniques is talent; production of visions is fantasy: only expert craft and unique insight is genius. To create the significant new the artist must eschew the conventional old, but rejection is incidental to creation. Herein lies the difference between propaganda and art. "The Night Watch" is revolutionary; so is "The Brothers Karamazov": but Rembrandt and Dostoievsky are not propagandists.

In the realm of ideas this dichotomy is less extreme. Creation there must be, but creation not acclaimed dies barren and without issue. A prophet can never reach the multitude; he must be interpreted. Jesus had his Paul, Mohammed his Omar, Hegel his Bismarck, Marx his Lenin. If the new is to live and grow strong, the number of interpreters must be many.

It can no longer be doubted that the Western world is today confronted with the rapid expansion of a new conception of life—a new religion—communism. Among the foremost of the zealots is John Strachey. For the last several years he has devoted himself to interpreting to the heathen, especially those resident in Great Britain and the United States, the teachings of Marx and the promise of a communized society. In "Theory and Practice of Socialism," the most recent product from his most prolific pen, capitalistic and communistic (Soviet) cultures are reviewed and contrasted. The book seeks converts; it is propaganda. But that does not damn it. In matters political nobody is above bias. Perchance Strachey's bias is strong enough to skew the analysis badly but without this bias the book would have remained unwritten. In a world beset by problems so many and so severe with solutions so few and so uncertain, no study must be despised.

Tolerance for the new is a direct function of discontent with the old. Hence, Strachey introduces his analysis with a slashing attack upon the injustice and inefficiency of a capitalist economy. Although a substantial part of the population suffers from malnutrition, inequalities in wealth permit the production of luxuries. Worse still, production for profit results in unemployment of men and resources. Now Strachey overestimates the misdirection of production, for the combined shares of labor, agriculture, and government represent the overwhelming portion of the total income. The masses would gain little from an equalized distribution. More serious, is the failure of capitalism to utilize to the full the resources at its command. The incidence of depressions is indeed heavy. But it is incorrect to place the blame, as Strachey does, upon the institution of private property. The rate of new inventions, the outbursts of speculative mania, the antics of money could probably go far to explain the periodic visitations of the plague. That it cannot be controlled unless the instruments of production are socialized is perhaps true; that it can then be controlled is less certain; that the cost of control will not prove prohibitive is even more questionable. True, under capitalism men are frequently unemployed, factories are frequently empty. In a planned economy this would not occur. But Strachey forgets that activity is not efficiency. Planning *per se* cannot avoid errors in the allocation of men and materials; the more complicated the economic structure—*cf.* U. S. A. to Russia—the greater the possibilities of error.

Wide World

JOHN STRACHEY

Man does not live for bread alone. The major failure of capitalism is not the production of insufficient commodities but the overproduction of wars. Strachey devotes the second part of his book to a discussion of the political systems of capitalism and communism, especially their relation to the problem of war. He points out that the natural tendency of the rate of profits to fall, forces capitalists to search for new markets. The capitalists of different countries struggle for the same booty, a struggle which can be solved only by a resort to arms. To maintain that the contest for private accumulation is a major cause of war is a contention valid in fact. To maintain, as Strachey does, that the establishment of communism would exorcise war is a wish, pious but fanciful. Japan with 2,000 inhabitants per square mile would still look with envy upon Russia with 150. Only world-wide migrations and the sacrifice upon the part of rich nations of their superior standards of living could eliminate hostility engendered by envy. Then again, even a communistic Germany might be interested in spreading Kultur; if balked, she would probably offer Kant and Goethe to the world at the point of the sword. Finally, if the leaders of a communistic state were forced to deflect internal discontent, would they hesitate to fan the fires of nationalism?

Though Strachey devotes the third part of his book to a study of the history and the present position of the working class, he fails to deal adequately with the problem of leadership. It appears that the success of the Soviets is directly ascribable to the unique ability of Lenin and the superior quality of his intimate associates. This Strachey underemphasizes; but he does point out that the history of labor in Western Europe and America gives one little cause for optimism. In England, the leaders were small in mind and weak in character. Germany tells the same story; in the United States labor and crime know one another well. Yet, it remains true that under capitalism, liberty for the masses is the right to be hired and fired, freedom for the masses is the right to escape the dulness of security. The stakes are large but the dice are loaded. The expropriation of the capitalists would doubtless increase the opportunities of the expropriators. Every revolution breaks down barriers; but every revolution erects barriers anew. In Russia, the privileges of a few were withdrawn; the gates were open to the many. But slowly they begin to shut again. New classes are emerging: the bureaucracy, the army, the industrial workers. But even if Plato were wiser than Marx—in the Republic there are rulers and the ruled—the author of "Das Kapital" was nevertheless very wise.

In the concluding sections, Strachey, in prose fluent and argument deft though frequently faulty, outlines the immensity of Marx's contributions to the world of ideas. Never again will history be written in terms of military victories; never again will religion and philosophy be studied as products of disembodied spirits; never again will one overlook the role of classes in the dynamics of social change.

Visions ought never to be clothed; they are too fragile. In truth, the vast majority are permitted to remain naked and without dress. Yet, to have the multitude bedizen one's creation, though the coverings result in suffocation, is perhaps the greatest of all tributes. The gospel of the Shepherd of Love was used to justify the auto-da-fé. It is not improbable that the promise of a classless society will cloak the exploitation of old groups by new. But time does pass and things do change, and in a fumbling, stumbling way a little of the vision remains forever.

Eli Ginzberg is the author of "The House of Adam Smith."

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What Could a Poor Girl Do?

PAMELA'S DAUGHTERS. By Robert Palfrey Utter and Gwendolyn Bridges Needham. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

ANYONE who has a taste for the novel and for the varieties of human behavior will find this a fascinating book. A study of the heroine in English fiction, and so by indirection of the relation of woman to the world and of the world to her, it represents a labyrinthine labor and is a work of solid learning. But it wears its learning so lightly, it is so full of smiles and chuckles as well as of sense and sensibility, it carries its thesis on so lively a stream of quotations and develops its points with so much animation that one need have no scholar's interest in fiction to read it with unflagging interest. Indeed one need have read little fiction to emerge from it with a fairly accurate idea of what the English novel has been and of the evolution of woman's position in the English-speaking world. "Through the ages one increasing purpose runs," so far as woman is concerned, at least until with the end of the Victorian era, "the continuity," in the words of Henry Adams, "snapped." Then only did woman finally divest herself of the codes and conventions which from Richardson's Pamela to the heroines of Laura Jean Libbey fixed the order of her life in reality and in story.

"If every woman in life is a daughter of Eve," begin the authors, "so is every heroine in fiction a daughter of Pamela." For Pamela, the serving maid who marries her master, who prefers her virtue to life itself, who is a sentimentalist at heart and dissolves in tears when occasion demands, who acquires gentility and can comport herself after marriage with the dignity due to her position, is mother to the long line of prudes, weepers, fainters, "lasses with the delicate air," "fallen" women, and poor working girls who have decorated the pages of the English novel from the eighteenth century to the present day. Love has always been the point of departure in the English tale, with marriage as the goal and a threat to her chastity a hurdle to be overcome by the heroine. "Unhand me, villain," sounds throughout the centuries, with death or disgrace the wages of failure to escape the illegitimate wooer, and virginity the most precious jewel in woman's crown. Virtue proliferates into delicacy, delicacy into false modesty, and false modesty into prudery with ignorance the reed on which innocence leans. And while virginity alone wins woman the reward of marriage, the virgin in the form of the old maid is either to be pitied or ridiculed. Richardson's heroine and her great-granddaughter of the recent past are sisters under the skin. They are born of wedlock and bred to marriage, creatures of smiles and tears and blushes in whom learning if it exists must be carefully concealed and whose reliance must be placed on their weakness.

But though the type of English heroine runs straight from "Pamela" to "Office Wife," and the Cinderella motif, and its concomitant of the reward that waits upon virtue, persists from Richardson to Faith Baldwin, the seeds of the new freedom that burgeoned in the novels of the twentieth century were sown generations before. Mary Wollstonecraft deplored the economic dependence of woman and traced to it the pitiful plight of the old maid, inveighed against discrimination, against lack of education, against the pitiless attitude toward the woman who had strayed from virtue. What she did as a controversialist Jane Austen with far greater effectiveness and with flawless art did through the good-tempered irony of her novels. Scott, Trollope, Thackeray, Meredith, Hardy carried the torch along. The entrance of woman into industry in Victorian days, and the World War which gave her license as well as liberty, flowered at last in those heroines of the present who have discarded the single standard of Pamela and broken one of the strands of English fiction.

SOPHIA WESTERN (*Hoppner,* 1784)
From "Pamela's Daughters."

It is impossible in a brief review to do more than hint at the themes handled in this delightful book. To quote from its quotations (culled in the main from the lesser known works of fiction), to follow up its review of the fashions of heroines, their addiction to tears and stays, their indulgence in fainting fits and lassitude, their winning airs and assumption of dignity, to trace their evolution from clinging vines to business women, would need columns to do it justice. Any book that makes so lively a study of whether gentlemen prefer blondes and of what happened to woman when the rise of the capitalist system left her "all dolled up and no place to go," that can make "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model" as pertinent to its commentary as "Clarissa," and round the circle beginning with Richardson's Pamela with Mary Ann Plowden of Nalbro Bartley's "The Premeditated Virgin" is a book that ought to be read instead of summarized.

Dictator of Denmark

THE QUEEN'S DOCTOR. By Robert Neumann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by L. CABOT HEARN

IN the Encyclopædia Britannica stand these lines, in the article on Denmark:

> The landowners' rule was overthrown in 1770 by Struensee, an accomplished physician and a man of great gifts, who secured power through his close relation with Caroline Matilda, sister of King George III of Britain, who had been united in an unhappy marriage with the degenerate and morbid Christian VII (1766-1808).

The character of Struensee is the basis for the present historical novel by the author of that extraordinary life of the recently deceased armament king, "Zaharoff." To my mind it is an excellent historical novel, very well translated from the German by Edwin and Willa Muir. It contains fresh and dramatic historical material, a love story of passion and daring, is vivid in its portraiture, traces the career of an unusually intelligent man who held high hopes of drastic social reform, matches coup d'état with coup d'état, portrays strikingly the spendthrift wittold king and his wicked mother, and, despite all the elements of melodrama in the actual story, gives a singularly convincing account of the extraordinary Struensee's rise and fall. Naturally, as Mr. Neumann writes so well, his books were long ago publicly burned by the Nazis. He is a Viennese, at present living in London. It is probable that we may eventually see his novel upon the screen, as it possesses most of the elements necessary in a good historical picture.

More than that, here is a writer who has a particular sense of the dramatic. He knows how to make the most effective use of the footstep of a sentry or the tolling of a bell. He knows how to create a glamorous heroine in the Queen Matilda. Most effective is the description of Struensee's torture, and that of his inamorata, after capture. Young Berndt fills perfectly the old dramatic role of the faithful hero-worshipper. The pace of the book is brisk, the events exciting. Neumann has shown us a stirring romance that was once reality.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Sir:

LETTERS to the editor are a problem as well as a pleasure. If we undertook to publish all we get these days we should be forced to borrow an idea from a distinguished competitor and issue a supplement devoted exclusively to them. The amount of such mail frankly delights the editors, who find it very valuable as well as gratifying, and who know, further, that our letter page is one of the departments of the magazine that interest our readers most. Nevertheless space is space and, being space, is not extensible. (This will produce some letters from readers of Eddington.) We can publish only one page of letters per issue and the reservoir of those we cannot publish therefore grows larger every day. Now that complaints begin to come in because we have not published earlier letters which complained because we had not published letters earlier still, it is time to state some principles of selection.

But first it should be pointed out that the freedom of the press is in no way involved, though several indignant writers of unpublished letters assert that it is. Freedom of the press is a principle that protects a magazine, not one that insures a writer publication. Freedom of the press does not mean that the editors of this or any other magazine have to publish your letter: it means that, subject to criminal prosecution under the statutes and civil suit for damages from libel, they will be protected if they do publish it. It means that if they do not want to publish it, you can start your own magazine, publish it there, and be protected. They are under no compulsion or obligation of any kind whatever to publish it, if for any reason, good, bad, whimsical, arbitrary, or preposterous, they do not care to.

The basic principle by which we ordinarily select letters for publication is that of potential interest to our readers, but there is another principle that takes precedence over that one. We realize that a magazine which reviews over a thousand books a year must occasionally do injustice to some of them. We therefore mark "must" letters which make a plausible claim that injustice has been done by one of our reviews. Brevity being the greatest virtue that the letter page knows, we run the short ones first. If several letters making the same protest come in, we publish those which seem to cover the question, and cover it in the smallest compass. While the world remains imperfect we cannot often recognize protests two thousand words long, though justice weep and the angels of righteousness avert their eyes.

Apart from protest and reparation, the page should be devoted to information and comments on the literary scene—unofficial reportorial and editorial work by our readers. Such letters are our closest contact with our readers and of the readers with one another. Many subscribers turn to the letter page first of all—because they have learned to expect there novel points of view, unorthodox opinions, and unusual items of information and amusement. That is the kind of letter nearest to our own taste and therefore most likely to be published. It is personal journalism of the best kind. Here also brevity counts most. The person who can be novel, unorthodox, or informative in two hundred words rather than two thousand is a child of light and will be welcomed as one.

Disagreement with the opinions expressed on this page comes next. So long as we get enough letters disagreeing with us violently enough, we shall be confident that the editorial page is healthy. We will publish as many of them as we can, but the other considerations come first. And we must judge them quite arbitrarily. If a disagreement is merely a misunderstanding or seems trivial, if someone else has expressed it better, if we have devoted as much space to the question as we think it worth, then we cannot publish it. And, once more, brevity is more precious than rubies. Mr. H. W. L. Dana writes us in regard to "Minority Report," "Sir: I have a great respect for your opinion—on novels. Very sincerely yours." Mr. Dana's letter is herewith granted first papers as a classic.

We will not publish anything that is merely abusive. Our own manners are of the finest—we are scrupulous to cut off heads so delicately that even the owners of them do not realize what has happened until they sneeze. We are soft-spoken, gentle, and conciliatory, and a more than Southern chivalry informs our style; and although such benignity may be inimitable, letter-writers have got to imitate it if we are to publish them. Every mail brings letters which hurl blood-curdling epithets at us, our contributors, or sometimes our opponents and victims. Mostly they are dull, but even when they make good reading we will not run them. We are not altogether averse to literary controversy, but controversialists should have a low blood pressure and a normal temperature. Let the blood boil if it will, but keep the brain air-conditioned. And do not suppose that you have demolished an idea when you have called the man who expresses it a name. And better read over what he wrote before you write in, for an astonishing number of complaints are received here about statements never made in this magazine.

If we will not publish bad-tempered letters, neither will we publish letters that support the palpably absurd. Every editor in America receives such letters every day, and we get our share of them, or perhaps a little more than our share. We preserve them, lovingly, but we will not run them. Literature's geoplanarians, salesmen of the mind's Perunas, the embattled hosts of moonshine and idiocy, will get no hearing here; other presses may be free to them but ours is not. As for writers of anonymous letters to the editor, they know what they can do. If they do not, let them supply name and address and the editor will be happy to tell them.

Vardis Fisher in Salt Lake City

A letter to the editor informs us that the public library of Salt Lake City refuses to circulate the books of Vardis Fisher. The library, our correspondent says, has refused to buy the last three of them and keeps those it has bought in a locked case and tries to dissuade people who want to read them. The news comes at a moment when we are about to place the magazine in support of the public libraries in their effort to relieve the really desperate financial straits in which they are now laboring. Singleness of mind for such support is not enhanced by a reminder that some libraries have absurd regulations and some librarians do stupid things.

One would expect the Salt Lake library to take a certain pride in Mr. Fisher, one of the few novelists who can ever have sat in its reading room. But even if it feels no local patriotism, taste, good sense, and respect for the rights of others should restrain it from closeting his books. The librarian is not forbidden by the trustees to buy novels which happen to be bound in blue. She could not refuse to buy such novels even though she disliked blue. And she should be forbidden to discriminate against Mr. Fisher's books on the ground that their morality offends her. The city should require her to declare whether reading them has damaged her morals. If it has, she has too feeble a character to occupy a position of trust. If it has not, she should not be permitted to pass judgment on the moral character of the public in advance. Public librarians are public servants and should be required to serve the public—which, thank God, still has rights. Let the civic horse sense of Salt Lake City take action. And the Chamber of Commerce, too—for such incidents make the city ridiculous and will damage the tourist trade.

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Letters to the Editor: *Local Reading; Defense of O'Neill*

Reading in Caro, Mich.

SIR:—You wondered recently, in your editorial capacity, what people out in the wilderness of mid-America are reading. And what writers there are doing.

Caro, 2500 population, Republican to the end, reads "Anthony Adverse," "Gone With the Wind," Kathleen Norris, *The Detroit Free Press, True Story Magazine, The Sat. Eve. Post,* and *The American Magazine.* They talk about the deer hunting, the danger of communism, the fifty-nine cent dollar, the weather, the Friday night basketball games, the high price of food (a New Deal result), Frank Murphy, Robert Montgomery, and the new Chevrolet. Many think we have had our last presidential election.

As a writer: I am not personally acquainted with any other writers. I've never been east of Detroit. I live on a farm, am married, have a two year old son, can think of no reason for living in New York except that one would be safe from lightning while under the shadow of the Empire State building. I am terrifically ambitious; have had poetry published in many of the popular magazines including the aforementioned *Sat. Eve. Post.* Practically the only interest there is, locally, in my writing is an inquisitiveness as to how much money I make with it. If you can use this poem in *The Saturday Review* I shall be more than happy.

LEONA AMES HILL.

Caro, Mich.

Equivocal Implication

SIR:—In your issue of October 31, there is a review by George C. Homans, of "An American Testament," by Joseph Freeman, in which the reviewer makes the following statement: "Freeman was born a Russian Jew. As such, he was born to the red."

The reviewer phrases his statement quite equivocally, for if he intends to convey the impression that one who is born within the Jewish household is "born to the red," then he is guilty of an unscientific, not to say an unkindly, prejudiced observation. It is true that Jewish history reveals a rather healthy rebellion of the Jewish soul against injustice and oppression, but it is inaccurate as well as unjust to aver that communism is indigenous to Jewish faith.

LOUIS WOLSEY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Rebuttal from the Majority

SIR:—Many followers of the drama will agree with Mr. Bernard DeVoto's "Minority Report" in *The Saturday Review* for November 21, 1936, but every loyal theater-goer should resent Mr. DeVoto's slurring implication that the theater is a lesser medium than the "highest arts of fiction or poetry."

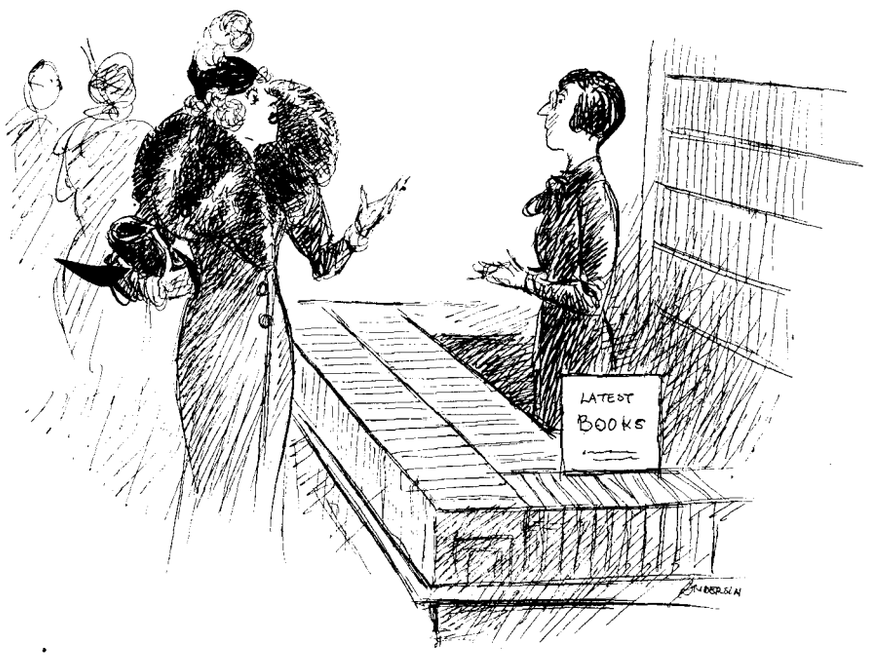
Does Mr. DeVoto honestly believe he can successfully support a brief which libels the theater's ability to be "true to the realities of human experience"? Has no novel ever put theatricality above life? In both the novel and short story are there not many writers who consistently hamstring the "realities of human experience" in order to achieve theatric rather than truly dramatic effects? Mr. DeVoto admits that there have been great dramatists, and the ones he himself mentions have all been "successful playwrights" as well as great dramatists.

Mr. DeVoto defines a great dramatist as one who "somehow manages to transcend the limitations of the theater and, while preserving the theatrical values (of his work), adds to them some profundity of human experience, human understanding, or human enlightenment" comparable to those found in the "highest arts of fiction or poetry." Does Mr. DeVoto fail to believe that these same virtues are required of every "great" writer? Or that it does not require just exactly as much technical skill to transcend the loose, large bag-ishness of the modern twelve hundred word novel?

Mr. DeVoto accuses Mr. O'Neill, the latest recipient of the Nobel Prize of using the "biggest wind-machine in our theatrical history to assist the enunciation of platitudes." But Mr. DeVoto's own arguments come very near to convincing all those who might have been in doubt that the award of this year's Nobel Prize was fully justified.

WILLIAM E. HARRIS.

Cambridge, Mass.



"ALL I KNOW IS THAT IT'S A CLASSIC. I'D REMEMBER THE NAME IF I HEARD IT."

God Save the Lamarck

SIR:—In Mr. DeVoto's blast at O'Neill which, in effect, states merely that O'Neill is dumb, let me point out that Mr. DeVoto attributes to O'Neill "an inherited instinct for the theatrically effective." This phrase shows that Mr. DeVoto is certainly dumber, for I doubt if O'Neill has ever toyed with the thoroughly discredited idea of Lamarckism, although he may have often used the word "instinct" in his dramas. Nowadays this theory of the inheritance of acquired traits is mentioned only by boobs locked up in some Department of English to stew in the juice of a purely literary training.

J. V. HEALY.

Boston, Mass.

The editor, without committing himself on evolution, refers Mr. Healy to the preface to "Back to Methuselah," written by a Lamarckian and Nobel Prize Winner, George Bernard Shaw.

Galileo?

SIR:—As a student at the Cambridge School of Authors, I recognize Mr. David M. Cheney, its head, as the Galileo of your October 24th editorial, "Eppur si muove!" The principles you assail are different from what you assume them to be. Your analogy with Galileo, however, is quite apt; Galileo made, from observations of falling bodies, an inductive generalization descriptive of the laws they obeyed; Mr. Cheney, from an empirical survey of English literature, has deduced laws of almost equal generality. These principles have nothing to do with the creative urge; but have been obeyed, consciously and unconsciously, in enduring literature. The school was organized at the request of Mr. Cheney's students. As a result, many Boston writers have been aided in improving the quality of their work, and producing saleable copy. Mr. Cheney has lectured before many well known literary organizations on this technique of writing. Unlike Galileo, he need not bow down to critics who misunderstand what he teaches. Yes, "E pur si muove!"

MARY RIZZOTTO.

Boston, Mass.

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The White Man's East

RETURN TO MALAYA. By R. H. Bruce Lockhart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by ANDREW A. FREEMAN

THE author of that exciting bit of personal history, "British Agent," forsakes the European scene and turns to the East for a sentimental journey. He is bored with columning for one of Lord Beaverbrook's papers and sets out in quest of his youth.

In his search for this evanescent goal he leads the reader through a maze of encyclopedic trivialities, gossip, anecdote, and high jinks, and finally to observations upon the decline of the white man's prestige in the Far East.

Here is not the glamorous British Agent who was released from a Russian prison in exchange for Litvinoff. Here is a middle-aged British journalist who, with a facile dash, has something to say about everything that strikes his eye during a three-months' vacation in Malaya and in the East Indies.

R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART

He recalls that in "British Agent" he referred to "that East which I should never see again." That fatalistic observation relates to the three years he spent, some twenty-five years ago, on a rubber plantation in Pantai, in the Federated Malay States. Here, it seems, he organized a native football team, rode a push bike through the jungle, attended wild parties for departing planters, and carried on an illicit, albeit Loti-esque, affair with Amai, a sloe-eyed maid of Malaya. The wish to see her again is the lodestone that draws Mr. Lockhart from the stuffiness of Fleet Street to the scenes of his youth.

The meeting with Amai eventually takes place after some 206 pages covering a long trip out, the geography of British Malaya, fleeting glimpses into the lives of the great, and a reunion with cronies in Singapore. The six or more pages he devotes to that tryst of the middle-aged in the jungle is done with beautiful simplicity and tenderness, a little gem in a literary grab bag. Here, at last, the reader gets a glimpse of Malaya before the radio and the motion picture stole into this Eden.

And here Mr. Lockhart takes leave of the scenes of his youth and carries the reader through some 150 pages into what he calls a Javanese interlude. From here the quest for youth becomes a routine travelogue of the Dutch Islands—Java, Bali, and the Celebes—wherein the author is irked by the ubiquitousness of tourist groups only to find himself with Baedeker in hand impressed by the majesty of Baraboedoer and bored by the music and dancing of the Javanese.

What does Mr. Lockhart find in this hasty survey of the East? That the old days are gone; that the pioneering imperialist of his day has vanished; that the prestige of the white man—a fetish that the Occidental is a superior person—has been dissolved in the melting pot of education which the white man has so gratuitously supplied the native; that the rise of nationalism, self-determinism, and the Japanese threat to Britain's might present problems to the white race which no one seems to know how to solve.

The East of Mr. Lockhart is the white man's East dominated by the opinions of residents of foreign colonies who demonstrate their superiority to the Oriental upon the football field and at hotel and club bars at the pahit hour. He passes on what these people have told him as well as information he has gleaned from interviews with British and Dutch officials and with Dutch nationalists.

Mr. Lockhart was shocked when he called upon a Straits-born Chinese who kept his feet upon the desk as he discussed Malaya's future in rubber and tin. Chinese didn't do that when he was in the rubber business in the old days. In Mr. Lockhart's yearning for the past it is to be presumed that he is still the football-playing Britisher who hopes for a Raffles or a Swettenham to come back and save Britain's prestige in Asia.

The reader will appreciate Mr. Lockhart's real affection for the Malayan but if he expects romance or a peep into the private life of an adventurer he is doomed to disappointment.

Andrew Freeman was the first American to edit the Bangkok Daily Mail *owned by King Prajadhipok. He has written one book and many articles on Siam.*

Angry Critics

REASONS FOR ANGER. By Robert Briffault. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE C. HOMANS

THIS is a volume of essays by the author of "Europa," selected by him from among those he has written and published in the last few years. They are concerned with social anthropology, in the largest sense, that is, with the behavior of men in organized societies. Particularly, they are concerned with the contrast between what Mr. Briffault says the social order is and what he says it might be. He begins by explaining that some people object to his being angry about the things he is angry about. I am not of that number. Being angry is his business. My business is to show that there is a distinction between his anger and the facts.

Mr. Briffault's prose is easy to read. He writes with talent. But I am at issue with many of his judgments. I have not the space to speak of all of them, and instead I shall go to the other extreme and speak of only one, and that at length. This, I feel, is not a fair way to review a book, and my only excuse is that the judgment in question seems to be one which underlies many of the other lines of thought found in "Reasons for Anger."

One argument, then, recurs in many of these essays. That is that society would be better if "intelligence" controlled the corporate activities of men instead of "venerable institutions fashioned by the stupidity of remote ages." If Mr. Briffault means by "intelligence" logical thought based on observation of the facts, then this can be said on the subject: most people are observed to act upon logical considerations in only a small part of their affairs, chiefly in the affairs of their job. In the other activities of their lives they act in conformity with the customs of the social groups to which they

Adventurer: Lexington Avenue Express

By ALEXANDER LAING

COSTELLO planned his course from Trebizond,
Skirting the Maldives, thence by Sunda Strait—
Which made Costello reach the office late,
Dream-sodden, quite unable to respond
With vigor such as managers are fond
Of noting, in a fifth subordinate.
Wretched Costello therefore got the gate
And stood upon the brink of the beyond.

Far places suddenly were very near;
But friends—alas!—urged him to be discreet.
He sighed, and found a job invoicing beer:
Half the old pay cheque, but he still could eat
And travel his ten thousand miles a year
Between the darkest Bronx and Beaver Street.

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belong, accepting these customs not because they have made a calculation of their utility but simply because they are customs. (Sometimes they like to say that they are acting logically, but that is another question.) Some of these customs are "venerable institutions," others appeared recently. In any factory, for instance, new customs, governing the relations of men one to another, are observed to form all the time.

This must happen if societies are to remain healthy. Most men, if they have to make decisions for themselves about any large part of their behavior, do not in fact make up their minds, but remain in the endless worry, without issue, which is called obsession. Suicides and neurotics appear in greatest numbers when the non-logical customs of a society are breaking down, or when men move out of the society in which they were brought up without being assimilated into another society.

This is true, so far as is now known, of all societies which have existed in the past and will probably remain true of all future societies we can envisage. This is important, because Mr. Briffault admires, as a foretaste of the society of the future, the community now in process of construction in Russia. Stalin is a great man, but there is no reason to believe that if he and his colleagues contrive a successful society it will have bases different in kind from those of the successful societies of the past. Systems of customs, new and old, accepted without process of logic, will govern most of the behavior of the masses. The logical thinking will be done by a few intelligent men, largely concentrated at the top of the hierarchy, who will be concerned about two jobs: maintaining the adequate non-logical customs of their society, and adjusting its economy to changing circumstances. There will not be, and there cannot be, any large proportion of deeds done because the doers have taken thought, though Mr. Briffault expects this of his society of the future. The proportion may be larger than it now is in America—there has been a slow progress in this direction through the ages—but probably not by much.

I have long thought that what its angry critics had to say about it was not as damning of the present social order as the fact that they were angry, and that there were coming to be more and more of them. Mr. Briffault's book has not led me to change this judgment. The sources of men's anger are deep. They may speak of one thing as irritating them, because they are unable to speak, and do not know, of the other thing that is in fact irritating them. At the level of the unconscious springs of human thought and action must be sought the gravest evils that threaten society.

Mr. Homans is a member of the Society of Fellows of Harvard University.

The Present Age in Embryo

THE GLITTERING CENTURY. By Phillips Russell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by FRANCIS WILLIAMSON

WHEN Voltaire wrote that "nothing is more annoying than to be obscurely hanged," he did not foresee that he was living in one of the most highly publicized epochs in human history. The eighteenth century has inspired a variety of historians, for it is a colorful and important era. To Phillips Russell it is a glittering century, rich in the varied types of personalities which it produced, and important, for its "ideas, attitudes, vices, follies . . . were the embryos of our own." The book lays Voltaire's fear of an obscure posterity, for his age is examined once again and found worthy of restrained and sympathetic praise.

It was, indeed, a glittering century which opened with the systematized grandeur of the court of Louis XIV and died a logical death in 1815 with the destruction of the last classical hero, Napoleon. It was a glittering century in its material remains. The favored of men busied themselves with the art of living, and the insistence on details testifies to the preoccupation with the niceties of life.

It was a glittering century in its ideas. It was the age in which man, according to Immanuel Kant, freed himself from his self imposed state of minority. At least, the men of the eighteenth century liked to think they were mature. They threw off the restraints of former ages and relied on the power of reason to better the lot of man. It was a century of hope. Man shifted his utopia from the past to the future and looked to an ultimate happiness, rational, utilitarian, and universal.

The eighteenth century glitters in the types of people which it produced. Mr. Russell marvels at the modern nature and the self-assurance of the men of that day, speaking as they did "with our voice and accent." His book is a series of biographical sketches of various types—kings, philosophers, courtesans, economists, assassins, ministers, and lackeys ranging all the way from Russia to America, and from the king's bedchamber to the peasant's hovel. The central theme of this compendium is the destruction of absolutism, the rise of the middle class, and the creation of the "merchant state." Considered in itself, the rise of the bourgeoisie must have been an exceedingly dull affair, for it is the subject of many dull books. It becomes a glittering subject when Mr. Russell symbolizes the triumph of the bourgeoisie by Louis XV's choice of Madame Pompadour as mistress. The rest of the story is told largely by innuendo, although there

AN EVENING AT THE SALON OF MADAME GEOFFRIN. *Aquatint by Débucourt, from "The Glittering Century."*

is a sketch of Turgot and references to Adam Smith and Franklin. The death of absolutism is revealed in biographical sketches of Charles XII of Sweden, Peter the Great, various and fatuous Bourbons, Catherine the Great, and countless others.

Mr. Russell might be asked how he could talk of the death of absolutism when confronted with such despotic things as Newtonian science, formal gardens, the music of Rameau, and the French "Encyclopédie." He admits quite frankly that "historians have not much helped us," although historians do include Robespierre and the Reign of Terror in any account of the rise of the bourgeois state. Of course, the difficulties of selection are tremendous in writing any biographical compendium, but the disregard of Mozart, Goethe, and only one whiff of Dr. Johnson need wring only the withers of specialists. Suffice it to say, Mr. Russell handles his material in an interesting fashion. The book is readable, not through any penetrating insight into the historical processes of the century so much as through the fact that his history is not "a pack of tricks we play on the dead." The characters are alive, and vibrate with all that cynical zest of life which marked the eighteenth century.

Mr. Russell, moreover, draws his contrasts well. Was it conscious irony that in his book, the picture of that bourgeois courtesan Madame Pompadour should face the description of the Methodist young lady of Ilsington who went into contortions because "the dogs of hell were gnawing her heart"?

Francis Williamson is on the faculty of the Johns Hopkins University in the department of history.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Eastern Correspondent

[*The Bowling Green is happy to present portions of the annual confidential report prepared for us by our Oriental traveler, whose acuity of observation is justly admired.*]

ON board pride of the Great Northern R. R. *The Empire Builder,* dashing east through North Dakota completely enveloped by a dust storm going same direction and, judging by balls of brush rolling and bounding along the ground, the same speed. I can't imagine anything more depressing; a fog isn't in it and other hardships such as typhoons—as in Manila—and earthquakes—as in Tokyo, more of which anon—have at least the benefit of excitement. I can actually see, where the earth is open to the wind, swirls, of the top soil leaving home for a long trip east. I also notice that cattle and horses do not, as I had read, invariably stand with their tails to the wind, so that aviators may be guided in making a forced landing. Not in this storm they don't; I've seen hundreds with heads directly into the wind which *does* seem stupid. But it's pretty horrible, even from the air-conditioned security of my perch.

To continue, the *big* thing is the Great Wall of China, or as they refer to it in Pekin—"the Wall." Just to see it is thrilling enough, but to make the journey with the incomparable Henry Vetch (Pekin bookseller-publisher) is high adventure. I had been warned that I might not survive the trip if Vetch took me, that no point in the Wall would satisfy him except the very highest, that he'd start off at a fast pace and, ignoring slopes, keep it up, etc. etc. Well, I pulled on my shorts (which was bad judgment), & we started. Motor to the R. R. station at Hsi Chih Men and a half hour's ride on the train north to Ching Lung Chiao. Then the assault proper. Vetch strapped on his knapsack containing two bottles of wine for him, two bottles of beer for me, brandy, coffee, bread & cheese. Sounds like equipment for a Gobi Desert expedition but we got rid of it all. I carried Vetch's camera and a roll of sketching paper. The other train passengers promptly deposed themselves in sedan chairs with four coolie-carriers each. True to report Vetch started the climb at high speed and in spite of my frequent squawks of protest kept it up. It got hotter and steeper. We could see the Wall, in fact had had glimpses of it from the train. It looked formidable; it is. When we got close I spied a break where I imagined we could get on board the Wall, and walk along it to our destination instead of struggling up & down slopes. Vetch doubted we could but we tried. Vetch got up before me—he should, he's eight years of age later than me. I arrived sans plenty of skin after a half hour of hugging the earth spreadeagled with the prospect of either getting there inch by inch with nothing to hold on to, or sliding and dropping a quarter of a mile. My only comfort, while in this suspended condition, was in thinking how much better off I was with the friendly Vetch shouting "Take it easy," than some other assaulters of the Wall, ages earlier, who hung in the same position grimly holding on, to the accompaniment of a barrage of stones, arrows, spears and maybe a little hot oil from the defenders. But finally arrived at our topmost tower, the vista of the Wall in its serpentine windings to the horizon seemed worth any effort.

If the election result was a surprise in the States, imagine it in Tokyo where so much emphasis was given to the *Digest* poll that Landon's election was taken for granted. Practically no Roosevelt money could be found in the Imperial lobby. Said Cineman Frank Kennedy of R.K.O. later "Everybody was against him except the American people."

The number of Americans in Japan is growing less and less. Residents that is, not tourists, who are flocking there in increasing numbers. It's becoming, unfortunately, a more difficult place for foreigners to live as Japan becomes more and more jittery about China, Russia, Great Britain—and U.S.A., possibly in that order. It's airplanes that worry her, as well they might. She's made to order for attack from the air, and as for anti-aircraft guns, they just "don't count" against modern bombers. So I was told by an officer whose job is driving one of them.

Most of the time I was in China and Japan the papers were full of "incidents" —the Chinese popping off or mobbing a Japanese about once a week somewhere or other in China. The Japanese get nowhere in investigation; their only chance is grabbing a culprit *in flagrante.* This they did just once, in Hongchew. When it comes to questions and answers the Chinese seem to be able to outguess the Japanese every time. But the Orient can rest easy for four years at least. There'll be no war until Japan has finished with her Olympic Games, 1940, for which preparations are already in full swing. So don't bother reading long diatribes on the political situation in the Far East for here it is in a nut-shell.

The police supervise the mails, and Japanese book dealers suffer heartbreaking losses through confiscation of books ordered from abroad. I made a vigorous complaint to our Embassy about this and a message that reached me as I sailed from Yokohama indicated that the Foreign Office was, at least, looking into the matter.

But the most unreasoning martinet of a Tokyo police officer is a gentleman compared to the U. S. Customs official who welcomed me as I once again set foot on the land of liberty at Seattle. Whether he was looking in my baggage for the Holy Grail or International Good Will or something equally chimerical, or something concrete like opium, I can't say. But when he'd finished with me, at 11:45 P. M., my stuff was a mess, with the lovely red and white wrappings of Japanese gifts strewn all over the pier. I had six empty trunks—kick one and it sounds like a drum. Each had to be opened and each tray lifted out. "You don't take my word for *anything,* do you?" I asked him. No answer. He found nothing I hadn't declared, and so far as I was concerned, lost plenty of face as did also the whole Customs service. Curious, away from home for five months with not a single bit of discourtesy encountered until the moment one's home.

This is a fine orderly narrative—I started this bibliotour in Manila & haven't paid it a single bow. Well I can't say anything with much *élan* as I feel pretty glum about our turning the Islands loose. Want some more low-down, not adulterated with cane—or beet-sugar? Well, read "Philippine Independence," by Grayson Kirk (F. & R.). Prof. Kirk tells how it happened—or is happening—most dispassionately. The unhappy heroes of his story are, you've guessed it, our Congressmen. What amuses me, if an American can find anything amusing in the situation, is that Quezon has taken to inviting these same Congressmen to Manila, all expenses paid by the wealthy Philippine Government, to have a first look at what they tossed away. Anything Quezon didn't know about politics before, he's learned since their arrival. I notice he's just bought the Doheny yacht.

Nevertheless if there's a Utopia on earth it's the Philippines, *now.* They've found gold in them hills and for every ounce of gold that exists, there's a ton in fancy. At the Peco printing plant I saw a rush job coming off a high-speed press—mining-stock certificates. That should give you the picture. They're all getting rich over night, yes and soon will be Independent!

W. S. H.

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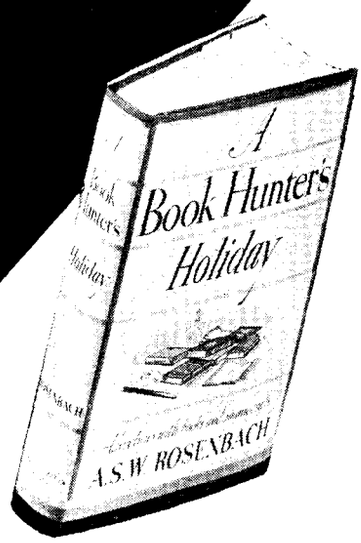

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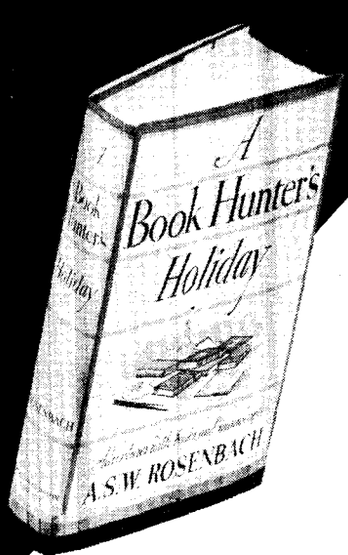

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Personal Journalists

(*Continued from page* 4)

spokesman to and for Democratic partisans, he has had counterparts in the other major camp. Mark Sullivan and David Lawrence are the journalistic high priests of the G. O. P. That enterprising watchtower of world events, *News-Week*, put them on record to their discomfiture; for it queried twenty-eight political columnists about the probable outcome of the election, but Sullivan and Lawrence declined to reply. They were sensible, it was clear, of a nicety in ethics. Both were writing for nation-wide syndicates, Lawrence's headed by the New York *Sun*, the other by the *Herald Tribune*. Both had given daily assurance to their readers that Republican righteousness would prevail. This they could do with a good conscience as wheel horses of the party and as routine farrago; but when asked for a cross-your-heart personal opinion, both balked.

Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen occupy a corner somewhat apart. They have adopted the title of their successful first book, "Washington Merry-Go-Round," for a joint column which is read from the seaboards into the farthest hinterlands, and they are two of the most competent observers in Washington; but the flippancy and irrelevant personalities which scandalized the capital in the book appear to have been their undoing. I am afraid two potentially valuable men have been converted into gossips and common scolds. There is always an audience in this country for a Walter Winchell, even in the political columns. The bearing of peep-hole disclosures, however, on political issues and Supreme Court decisions is difficult to discern, but doubtless they do promote the sale of the column. It is just possible that the authors have confused their circulation drive with the national destiny.

How much more effective than those bits of gossip are the criticisms of General Hugh S. Johnson. He is now and has been for a long while the real hair shirt of the Administration. A man of wide reading, possessed of a clear head and a sharp tongue, he has been unstinting in praise and unsparing in denunciation. There are those among his readers who like him best when he is cracking down, for there is enough of the pioneer spirit left in this country to afford a substantial relish for rough and ready terms. General Charles Gates Dawes, for example, would never have emerged from the obscurity of the vice-presidential office save for his Hell 'n' Maria. Many of us like that sort of thing, not only from army men, who are supposed to be fairly free of verbal inhibitions, but from such figures as the unlamented Huey Long and the Reverend Father Charles E. Coughlin. But General Johnson had in his armory something better than vituperation. He had a keen sense of the workable as well as a sense of the ridiculous, and I fancy he did even more than Miss Thompson to sway opinion. That, however, is not saying much, for the others made a sorry showing.

Westbrook Pegler, a sports writer who has got the notion that he is another Voltaire, is bright and hard-headed, but his political contribution has been confined mostly to taunting the Republicans because they would not accept bets at good odds. That is to say, his column, even when he deals with other domestic affairs or with the foreign scene, smells somewhat of the tanbark and the stable. But that need not be held against him. Many good newspaper writers have graduated from the sport pages, as witness Ring Lardner and Damon Runyon. There is the probability that in time Pegler will outgrow the terminology of the prize ring and the race track, and that he may become a satisfactory purgative. It is apparent that he would like to be the Epsom salts of the columnists.

Political columnists as we know them are less than a generation old. Ernest Newman, music critic of the London *Sunday Times*, says that what makes the columnist "not a man of letters but a columnist is the fact that he produces *columns*, and that with the regularity and the efficiency of a good machine." Thus he instructs, annoys, or bores the "readers whose eyes turn by a fatal attraction to that particular column each morning." The attraction, whether morning or afternoon, is susceptible of a fade-out. But let our English observer continue:

> It is obvious that he must be a good hand at his work, or the public would not continue to read him, nor the newspaper proprietors to employ him. But no man can possibly produce a masterpiece every day; and what the skilled columnist does is to turn out, at a moment's notice, a set of clever variations upon some formula or other that he has made his own.

The breed might have sprung, this writer supposed, from "such writers and lecturers as Lucian."

Now Lucian, a satirist and humorist, was a free thinker and an iconoclast. He has been credited with a fun "almost Aristophanic," and with having written the best Attic prose in four centuries. I look around in vain for his counterpart, or for anything approaching him, among our political columnists. Yet this suggestion, like the theory of a formula which serves somewhat as a coat of many colors, may have its value. For if Lucian, who died about 200 A.D., was the first columnist, then the profession should keep humbly in mind that the venerability of another profession has been no guarantee of good repute.

Silas Bent, formerly of the editorial staff of The New York Times *and associate editor of* The Nation's Business, *is the author of "Ballyhoo—The Voice of the Press."*

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The New Books

Fiction

HONOR BRIGHT. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. Messner. 1936. $2.50.

In Mrs. Keyes's chronicle (1890 to the present day) the flower of the South meets and mingles with the best of New England. Their meeting place is government circles in Washington. There is one early scandal whose issue is the hero of the book.

Honor Bright is the daughter of New England and old Virginny. She is a Louisa May Alcott heroine who through the defection of her lover plays a Faith Baldwin role for a few bitter years after the war.

Here is gracious living and a stately benevolence in abundance—or overabundance. Mrs. Keyes destroys her material by a too solemnly romantic approach to it. There is no reality among her literary shadows. One feels that she remembered the serial market every now and then. During these moments a few of the characters take hold of the story and carry it forward in a sprint. The author is, however, unable to sustain the sacrifice of any detail for the pace and objectivity of that medium.

H. E.

LAUGHING GAS. By P. G. Wodehouse. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.

No one objects when Mr. Wodehouse repeats his own plots, and we ask nothing better than to have him use the same characters through book after book. But the old stuff in "Laughing Gas" is other people's old stuff. It is full of Hollywood jokes, appropriate enough since the scene is laid in Hollywood, but too often familiar; the movie actresses and producers are out of "Once in a Lifetime." And the plot hinges on the old exchange of personalities trick; it was good enough for Thorne Smith in "Turnabout," but it isn't good enough for Wodehouse, even when the exchange takes place between a child star and Reginald John Peter Swithin, third Earl of Havershot. Outside of all this, it's a swell book. There are a lot of funny things in it, particularly Reggie's cousin Egremont, a perennial souse who can nevertheless say "British constitution," "truly rural," and "the Leith police dismisseth us," no matter how much he is under the influence. The Wodehouse nuances were never better, but we wish he had played his story straight. And Blandings Castle is a far, far better place to go to than Hollywood.

G. S.

Government

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL SCENE. Edited by Edward B. Logan. Harpers. 1936. $1.50.

There are articles in this symposium in a somewhat dreary textbook style on "Present Day Characteristics of American Political Parties," "Party Organization," "The Politician and the Voter," "Presidential Campaigns," "The Use of Money in Elections," and "Pressure Groups and Propaganda." The only exception to the faculty savant's touch is Associate Professor J. T. Salter's piece on "The Politician and the Voter." In the others, the information is all there but is stated in pedagogical cadences and generalities which make it wearisome to absorb and hard to remember.

Since the work is primarily intended for students, these objections may be of no consequence. The average student, however, could probably educate himself more efficiently concerning the American political scene by following for a few months one of the better Washington gossip columns.

Besides Dr. Salter, the savants contributing to the symposium are Drs. A. N. Holcombe of Harvard, Edward B. Logan, University of Pennsylvania, Harold R. Bruce, Dartmouth, James K. Pollock, Michigan, and Harwood L. Childs, Princeton.

D. A.

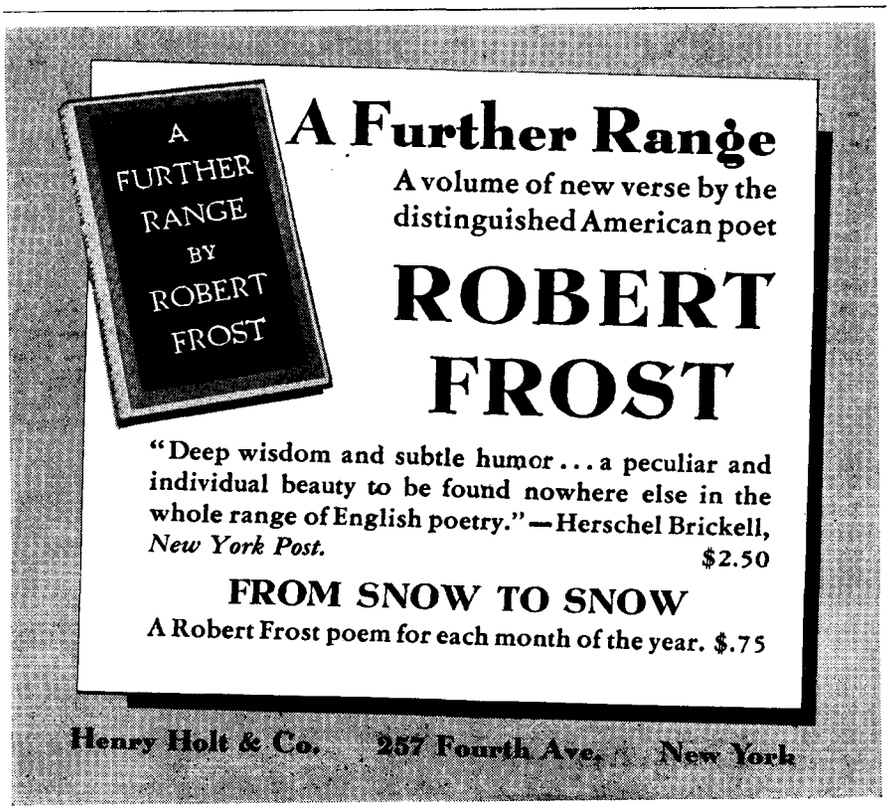
Miscellaneous

ADVANCING AMERICA. By Merrill Dennison. Dodd, Mead. 1936. $2.

This story of American inventions, of Yankee ingenuity, in the fields of transportation and communication, asks for a place in the conspectus of our national life because it is told in terms of the human dramas connected with the growth of these two basic activities. Mr. Dennison, taking a tip from his radio work, has interposed in the narrative short dramatic sketches intended to restore the sense of immediacy and vividness to well-worn tales. For example, railroads are introduced by a sketch of a race between Peter Cooper's *Tom Thumb*, the first locomotive built in America, and "a sound young gray, the fastest horse owned by Stockton & Stokes who operated the horse stage line running over the B. & O.'s tracks," won by the horse.

While the sketches are vivid, their scope seldom exceeds the factual level of straight reporting, and the drama is correspondingly limited in the narrative. With the competing examples of MacLeish's "Union Pacific," of Dos Passos's "Kitty Hawk," freshly in mind, the meagreness of the conception is definitely disappointing. So also are the shreds of sociology, hardly wider than the industries' press-agents', though modestly introduced, and the popularized psychology of invention, whose goddess is chance. No current account of inventive progress is complete without some recognition of the great change involved in going from invention by accident to invention by design, the rationale of existing research laboratories. Mr. Dennison's readers may learn a good deal of the factual background of the industries he has treated, but they will learn little of the inwardness either of industry or of America.

J. R.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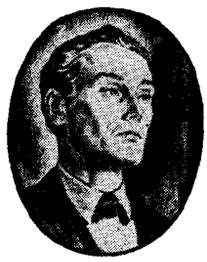

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Acts of Death

DEATH AND ELIZABETHAN TRAGEDY. By Theodore Spencer. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEICESTER BRADNER

"WHAT are tragedies but acts of death?" asked a character in one of these Elizabethan plays. Readers have always been aware of the tremendous importance of death in the tragedies of this period, but until now no critic has set himself to a thorough analysis of this emphasis on human mortality. Mr. Spencer has at last provided us with a very illuminating study of the subject. In doing so he has contributed to our better understanding of the dramatic art of the Elizabethans and of the spirit of their age. Knowing that in many of their fundamental attitudes the men of this age were still largely medieval, he begins by surveying the medieval conception of death in the literature and art of Europe. This earlier idea of death as the gateway to future life, be it heaven or hell, is then contrasted with the renaissance idea of death as a finality, the end of life on earth. Mr. Spencer believes that in the great Elizabethan dramatists these two ideas were held in balance, thus providing a wider range of emotion in the treatment of the subject in their plays.

One of the most interesting chapters is that in which the use of language is discussed. By showing that the language of death had become highly conventionalized the author demonstrates the skill with which the greater writers utilized these common phrases, already familiar to the audience, and played subtle variations on them. He concludes that "the revitalization of old phrases is perhaps the most striking fact to be noted in studying the Elizabethan verbal treatment of death." In a somewhat similar way this was true of dramatic situations also. Conventional reactions to death were used consciously for dramatic purposes, and we are shown by a series of striking illustrations just how this was done. Incidentally, Mr. Spencer maintains that the influence of Seneca has been overemphasized, since many of the examples of Stoic scorn of death, for instance, might better be attributed to the traditional convention of the later Middle Ages as seen in such a work as Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." The three chapters on language, ideas, and dramatic technique form a brilliant exposition of the important relation that convention bears to originality in literature.

The most attractive feature of this book to the average reader is its frequent use of quotation. Most of the dramatists rose to their best poetically when writing of death, with the result that the illustrations provided us here constitute an anthology of some of the greatest Elizabethan verse. Although it is ungrateful to ask for more after such a feast, one must regret that Mr. Spencer did not make fuller use of the dirge both in quotation and discussion. The later dramatists abound with these funeral songs, many of them very beautiful.

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Where the Books Go

HOLDEN'S PRIVATE BOOK COLLECTORS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. Compiled by Bertine E. Weston and Armond C. Frasca. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 1936. $16.

THIS is the eighth revision of a standard manual that is designed primarily for the old and rare trade, to whom it is more essential than social registers and directories of directors (although these, too, are accorded shelfroom by alert entrepreneurs). It affords the collector an illuminating glimpse into the private lives of his fellows, fully specifying their habitats and inclinations.

Would he choose to learn, for example, what souls akin to his own are discoverable in Bozeman, Montana, the consulter turns to the geographical list and makes the acquaintance of H. W. Vaughan, 307 South Wilson Avenue, whose high concerns, fitly enough, are "horses, cattle, sheep, and swine; livestock feeding, breeding, judging and management," and M. L. Wilson of 102 West Cleveland Street, who is attracted toward "early agriculture; Lincolniana; Western history." At the Leggat Hotel in Butte, Alexander Leggat seasons hospitality with a passion for "Lewis and Clark expedition; Montana and its environs" (is this a dig at California?)—one feels that no good bibliophile should ignore an opportunity to stop at the Leggat. Mr. Leggat, like Mr. Vaughan, has a Lincolnian neighbor—L. P. Sanders of 1104 West Broadway. Clarksdale, Mississipi, has a Lincoln collector in H. K. Sage, but Lincoln, Nebraska, has none.

Turning to the second division, which catalogues collectors by their predilections, it is refreshing to note that a far greater degree of variety and independence is manifested than one would deduce from the average dealer or auction catalogue. Accounting, advertising, alchemy, anatomy, archæology, archery, Armenia, astrology, astronomy, Aucassin (including Nicolette), automobiles, and aviation have their followings, along with zoölogy, which is the sole entry under Z. Is no one alert for the literature of the zodiac, the zebra, the zither, or the zimb?

Sauce for the Gander

ANGLO-AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS. Part Two: West to East 1786-1930. *By I. R. Brussel. With an Introduction by Lord Esher. London: Constable & Co. New York: R. R. Bowker Co.* 1936. 500 *copies.* $5.

"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" was available to good little English boys so early as June 9, 1876. No American edition was issued until the end of that year—indeed, the Library of Congress was not remembered until January 2, 1877. The London edition, therefore, has an indisputable priority of half a year plus over the Hartford. Which is the first edition? The London, of course, and would still be if its priority were a matter of hours rather than of months.

The collector who prefers the Hartford edition (and most do) obviously cannot base his case on logic. Lord Esher, indefatigable pursuer of modern firsts and loyal adherent of the time school, advances an unanswerable *reductio ad absurdum.* "It is difficult to hold the fort," he declares, meaning the shaky stronghold of the opposition—the flag, or map, school. And he continues:

> To do so we have to pretend that the English edition of Bottomley's "Vision of Giorgone" 1920 precedes his American of 1910, that the English edition of Yeats's "Cutting of an Agate" 1919 precedes the American of 1912, and that the English edition of Lamb's "Last Essays of Elia" 1833 precedes the American of 1828. Still worse is the sad case of George Moore's "Perronik the Fool" which was published in America in 1924 and 1926 and in France in 1928, but has not been published in England at all. Presumably the first edition of this book does not yet exist.

The only answer to that is mother-love and "Book-Prices Current."

Mr. Brussel's manual, tenth unit in the valuable Bibliographia Series edited by Michael Sadleir, is the essential complement to his "Anglo-American First Editions East to West," which detailed those books of English authors which enjoyed (though not particularly, in several instances) prior publication in America. The new monograph reverses the process. Mr. Brussel's findings are an important contribution to the history of publishing, which is, after all, precisely what bibliography is. Occasionally he has been forced to rely on surmise. His awarding of precedence to the English edition of James Whitcomb Riley's "A Child-World" (1896) because the book was not published in America "until the following year" is a probable instance. It is true that the American edition is dated 1897, but presentation copies are of record dated October, 1896 (one as early as October 9th), and the problem is worth further investigation if only because "A Child-World" may have established a record in post-dating.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

Chicago, December 3.

DURING a spell of Old Loopy's darkest and sootiest weather peregrine Q. spent some exciting pre-Christmas days in Chicago. ☞Not since he ran errands for a London bookseller has he seen such a low ceiling of murk and premature twilight. ☞He embarrassed himself just now when at noontime, telling goodbye to Mr. George M. Chandler in his delightful shop on Van Buren Street, Q. said instinctively "Well, good night." ☞By contrast to dingy weather, all the stores were gay with brilliant Christmas gauds and excellent business. ☞A good deal of agitation in the trade over price-cutting at a local department store: yesterday Old Q. was startled to find an advertisement offering the $3.95 Rockwell Kent Shakespeare for $2.93. The ad was not on the book page of the newspaper but on the page for Society and Music. ☞When Bill Henneman at Argus said he hadn't seen the ad, Mr. Edmé Ziegler (Doubleday, Doran) remarked promptly "You wouldn't, it was way over past the Sports page." ☞A new word was coined in Kroch's Michigan Avenue store where a customer was admiring the big Gaylord Fan which wafts deodorized, purified and medicated air along the aisles. ☞What is that medicinal elixir, asked the visitor; it's very stimulating? ☞It is, cried the enthusiastic staff; it's an invention of Mr. Kroch's, it vitalizes the bookseller; we call it a *librodisiac*. ☞At McClurg's they showed Q. the only really good photo he has ever seen of the famous old Saints and Sinners Corner, the olim haunt of Gene Field and other bibliophagi. Mr. O'Connell of McClurg's promised to send us a print for reproduction. ☞Shirley Brewer of the Western Book and Stationery Co. keeps an ant palace on his desk as an inspiration for diligence. ☞The Post Office News Company (West Monroe Street), which offers one of the most ecumenical and exciting assortments of periodicals anywhere in the world, has attractively remodelled its quarters. Ijah Adler reported the Christmas issue of the *S. R. L.* in quick demand.

☞Magnificent town! Now it is snowing, while Old Q. is combing this morning's cinders out of his hair. ☞Werner's new bookstore at 196 North Michigan, which opened November 1st, is showing great charm and gusto in its window displays: we were enchanted by some fossil fern-patterns in their window, borrowed from the University of Chicago. ☞At Marshall Field's Randolph Street side, was a fine window-show of juveniles. ☞Ruth Ann Waring, MF's buyer of children's books, was giving special display to *Ships Aloft* (the beautiful album of model airplanes by Knight and Platt) and *Hurricane Weather* by Howard Pease; and among others temptingly shown we noticed *Mary Poppins, George Washington* (by the D'Aulaires), *The Codfish Musket*, etc. ☞No store anywhere can outdo the colorful and sumptuous effect of the Christmas décor throughout that vast building. ☞Carson Pirie's Lively Hobby Horse Book Shop (for children) has worked out a most attractive and intelligent Book Club for its young clients, featuring a "Foundation Library" of books appropriate for juveniles of all ages (from 1 year to High School seniors). ☞John Cole, alert and studious manager of the Hobby Horse, has contrived a budget plan whereby these carefully selected books for youngsters can be had for 50c, $1, or $2 per month. ☞Ralph Henry came back from a business trip to Canada smiling so secretly that he is suspected of having bought an important library for subsequent sale. ☞The modernistic touches in Doubleday, Doran's lively Michigan Avenue shop continue to be admired and imitated. ☞The universal interest (and anxiety) here about the Graustark situation in London sent the biography of Mrs. Simpson off to a curiosity start. ☞Old Q. hates to leave this town he truly loves. These notes are grievously fragmentary. ☞As Alexander Pope said, "A mighty maze, but not without a plan." ☞A group of booksellers are about to meet to read Pope aloud, and perform Shakespearean interludes. ☞No branch of the trade is more infatuated with the real fun of books than the young booksellers of Old Loopy.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER AT BARCLAY HOUSE *Kelvin McKay* (Phoenix Press: $2.)	Wealthy gal, family cook, police sarge all perish strangely before Ace Cole straightens out family tangle and points accusing finger.	A neat and unusual method of committing murder is the high spot of this otherwise unexceptional high-society crime yarn.	Routine
HOUSE OF TREASON *Dennis Allan* (Greystone Press: $2.)	Mysterious Mr. Jeffery Keane hops into bramble bush of Americanazi plots but retains both his eyes.	Wicked plotters, G-men, a majestic nut who fancies he's the Kaiser, shots, sentiment, heroics, *usw.*	*Quatsch!*

Do You Know--?

- WHAT English novelist sent 4,000 people to call on a lady of his acquaintance in one day?
- WHO was "the Ettrick Shepherd"?
- WHAT absent-minded poet, being invited to dine at an inn called "The Green Man" in Dulwich, proceeded to Greenwich and made inquiries for the sign of "The Dull Man"?
- WHAT noted Irish novelist was the grandfather of the composer Victor Herbert?
- WHAT poet's *nom de plume* was the anagram of his real name?

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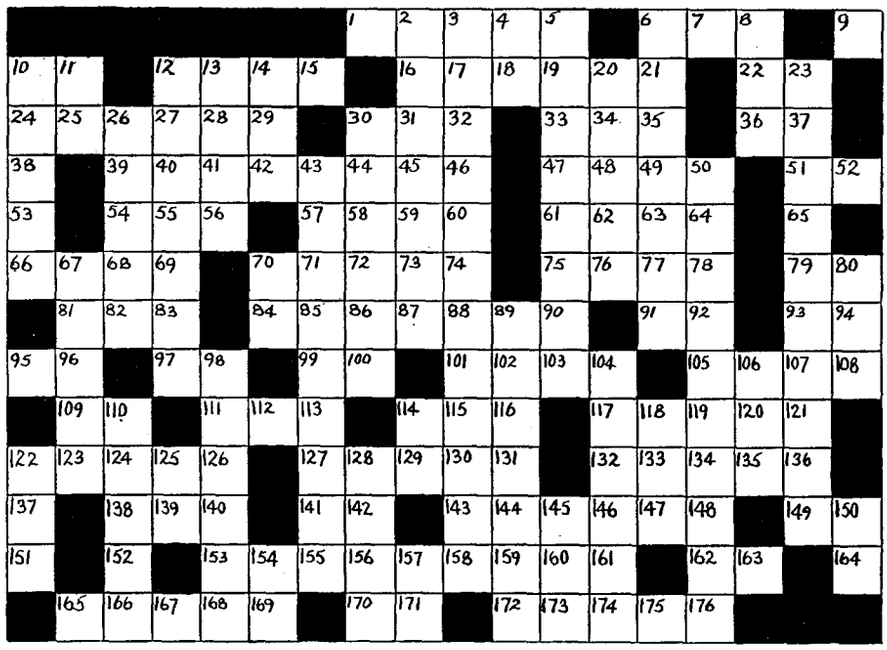
Double-Crostics: No. 142

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

☞N. B. From now on, translations of excerpts from works in foreign languages will be used occasionally.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. School in "Nicholas Nickleby."
II. Wearing down of resources.
III. Author of "The Theatre of the Moment."
IV. Greek letter.
V. Work by John Lyly.
VI. Part of an atoll.
VII. American lexicographer (1784-1865).
VIII. Wanting in manly strength.
IX. Expression of disapproval.
X. A comedian's foil (slang).
XI. Poem by Bryant.
XII. Made one's own.
XIII. Sought out with care; far fetched (Fr.).
XIV. Correspond.
XV. Ocean nymph (Gr.).
XVI. English novelist and dramatist (1874—).
XVII. Fiber used in basket making.
XVIII. Valley of Gen. Sheridan's raids.
XIX. Russian pianist-composer (1891—).
XX. A rite of special distinction.
XXI. Disregard.
XXII. To go as directed (comp. colloq.).
XXIII. Endeavor.

WORDS

114 33 96 102 21 24 123 116 50
38 98 32 136 119 104 91 28 34
4 106 134 40 127 30
36 9 93 132
125 55 19 71 10 48 100
128 160 5 14 173 62
117 25 86 63 53 59 81 72 107
167 171 146 67 84 58 29 6 39 154
153 144 13
43 51 170 162 12 77
101 112 65 130 78 70 41 165 54 73 175
147 157 140 3 42 26 60 15
11 135 120 82 35 74 168 121 148
158 68 7 20 66
22 138 113 95 37 97 151
124 149 139 131 118 152 2
57 44 133 142 88 174
47 94 155 150 115 89 46 109 103 52
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166 87 1 172 27 17 45 108 75 129 56
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169 156 145 85 69 176

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